FEAR

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ADVENTURE INTO FEAR WITH THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS...

THE LIVING VAMPIRE™

FOLLOW THE *LIVING VAMPIRE* THRU A DEADLY

DOORWAY DOWN INTO HELL!

Once Michael Morbius was a world-renowned bio-chemist, dying of an unknown blood disease—and desperately searching for a CURE. He found that cure—but, in turn, it afflicted him with a CURSE far worse than any possible disease; the curse of the blood-sucking night-beast; the curse of...THE *LIVING VAMPIRE!*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS! ™

DOUG MOENCH *WRITER* | FRANK ROBBINS *ARTIST* | VINCE COLLETTA *INKER* | TOM ORZECHOWSKI, *letterer* DON WARFIELD, *colorist* | LEN WEIN *EDITOR*

the DOORWAY SCREAMING INTO HELL!

LAST ISSUE: IN A DESERTED MANSION OUTSIDE BOSTON, MORBIUS FACED A GUN HELD BY SIMON STROUD, EX-CIA AGENT AND NOW SUPERNATURAL TROUBLESHOOTER. URGED BY HIS FIANCÉE MARTINE, MORBIUS CHOSE FLIGHT OVER DEATH AND DIVED THROUGH THE MANSION WINDOW TO SCOOP THE NIGHT WINDS...

HE RECEIVED A BULLET FOR HIS EFFORTS... AND NOW, MORTALLY WOUNDED--

KRAK!

KRAK!

WAP!

KNAP!

-- THE LIVING VAMPIRE CRASHES.

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PAIN SLICES THROUGH HIS SIDE LIKE HEATED BARBED WIRE...
AGHH!
... AND MORBIUS GRAPPLES FOR BALANCE WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF DWINDLING STRENGTH...

...BEFORE LOSING ALL, TO THE VOID

A BACK ROOM AT BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HOMICIDE DIVISION: WHERE STROUD AND POLICE CHIEF WARNER HOLD A CONVERSATION AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF HISSING...
SO IF THIS MORBIUS IS THE ONE WHO'S BEEN SUCKING BOSTON'S NIGHTLIFE DRY, WHERE DOES THIS FEMALE VAMPIRE FIT IN?
HSS
ONE OF HIS VICTIMS. MORBIUS PUT THE BITE ON HER, AND SHE POPPED BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO JOIN HIM.

AND AGAIN, MARTINE PROTESTS.
BUT I TELL YOU THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MICHAEL'S AFFLICTION IS MEDICAL -- NOT SUPERNATURAL. IT'S A SIMULATION OF VAMPIRISM-- HE ISN'T CAPABLE OF TRANSFERRING VAMPIRIC PROPERTIES--!
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION.

Y'KNOW, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... SHE MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE. THAT HOUSE SHE RENTED FOR THIS MORBIUS CHARACTER... THE OLD MASON ESTATE...
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED.
HSSSS
WARNER

SO I'VE HEARD MUMBLED. BUT SPOOKS AND VAMPIRES DON'T MIX.
MAYBE NOT. BUT STILL... THE WAY OLD LADY MASON INSISTED...
NOW YOU'RE MUMBLING, WARNER.

GUESS I AM AT *THAT*. OKAY, HERE'S THE *BEANS*-- I'LL *SPILL* 'EM AND YOU SEE IF *YOU* CAN TURN 'EM INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN *HOT AIR*...

"LETICIA MASON LIVED IN THAT HOUSE FOR *EIGHTY-TWO YEARS*, UNTIL *SENILITY* CAUGHT UP WITH HER AND SHE LOST COUNT...

"THE WAY *SHE* TELLS IT, IT HAPPENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *NIGHT*, AND SHATTERED HER PRECIOUS *BEAUTY SLEEP*...

Eh...? IS THAT *YOU*, JENNIFER?

WHO'S THAT MOVIN' AROUND IN HERE IN THE *DARK*--?

ANSWER ME--!

"SHE CALLS 'EM *HAUNTS*... HAUNTS WITH *EYES*... CLAIMS THEY SURROUNDED HER *BED*...

MUHM

MUHM

MUHM

"...AND *SPOKE* TO HER-- *WARNED* HER OF SOMETHING. END OF THE *WORLD*, IF I *REMEMBER* RIGHT. AND ACCORDING TO THESE *'HAUNTS'*... EITHER LETICIA PLAYED *MESSIAH*, OR EARTH KISSED ITSELF RIGHT DOWN THE *TUBE*...

UM

UM

UM

ON

"BUT OLD AGE *DOES* THINGS TO AN *OLD MAID*. SO WE DIDN'T *BELIEVE* HER, OF COURSE... AND NEITHER DID THE *SHRINK* WHO WAS CALLED IN BY HER DAUGHTER *JENNIFER*...

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...SO OLD LETICIA WAS PROMPTLY COMMITTED TO A SANITARIUM WHERE SHE STILL LIVES AND RAVES TO THIS VERY DAY. BUT HERE'S THE ODDBALL BIT: IF JENNIFER DIDN'T BELIEVE HER WACKY MOTHER'S STORY, WHY DID SHE IMMEDIATELY MOVE INTO THE OLD MANSION... AND OUT AGAIN WITHIN THREE DAYS?
REST HAVEN
THEN MAYBE IT IS HAUNTED-- BUT BY VAMPIRES. DON'T YOU SEE? VAMPIRES WHO WERE IN THAT HOUSE LONG BEFORE MORBIUS AND I EVER ARRIVED--!
THE ADDRESS OF THE NUTHOUSE, WARNER-- AND FAST.
SO... POLICE ONLY
WORTH A FEW QUESTIONS ANYWAY -- BEFORE I START HARPIN' ON MORBIUS' TRAIL AGAIN...
WONDER HOW FAR THE BIZARRO GOT?
NO PARKING
NO FARTHER THAN A SWIFT PLUMMET FROM WINDOW TO TREE, WHERE THE LIVING VAMPIRE NOW REVIVES...
W-WHAT... HAPPENED...?
WAIT... I WAS... SHOT... YES-- SHOT IN THE SIDE...
THEN... WHY DON'T I FEEL ANY PAIN--? NO PAIN AT ALL...

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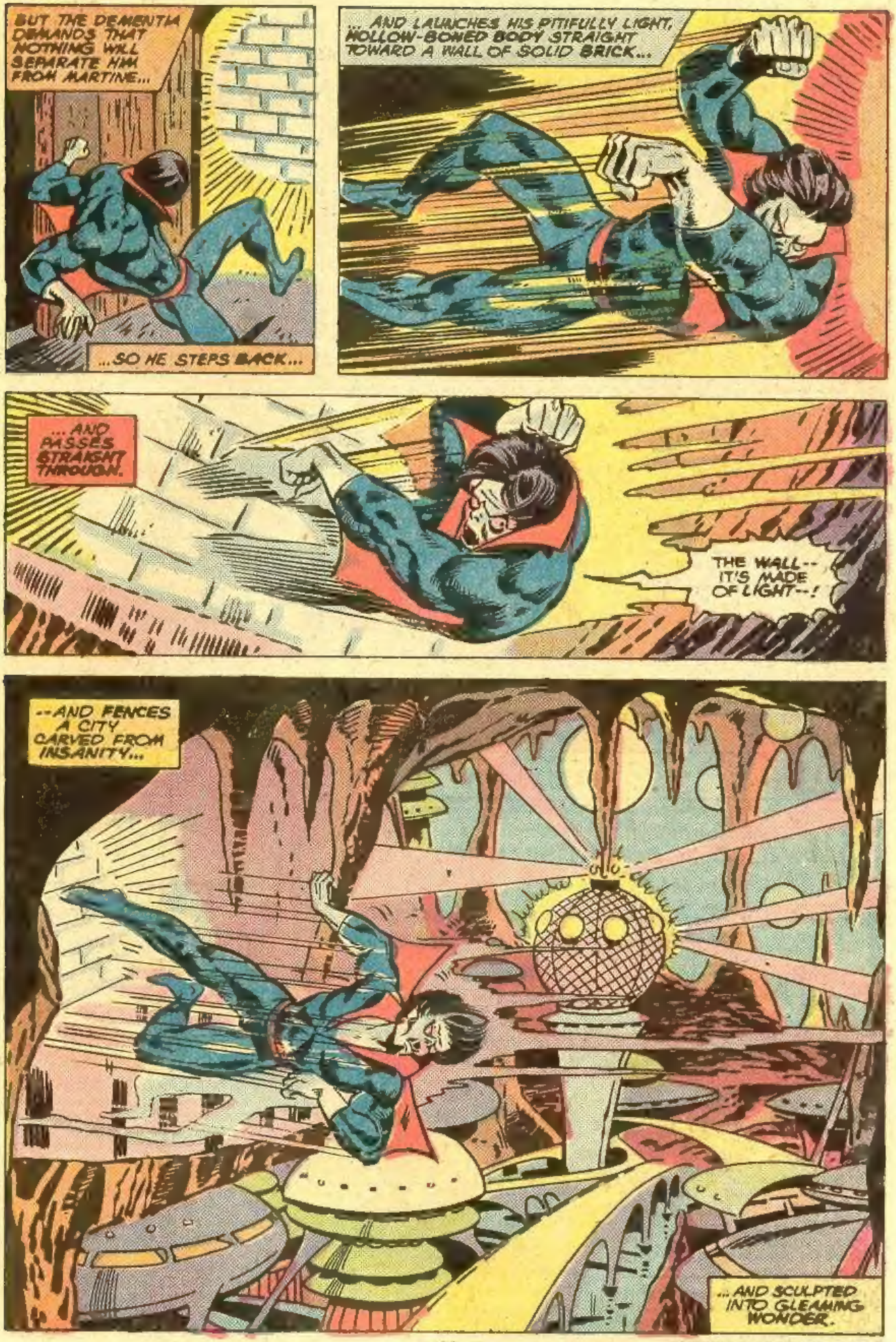
HE BOLTS DOWN THE ANCIENT MANSION'S DUST-CHOKED CORRIDORS, SURGES INTO ROOM AFTER ROOM, SHRIEKING HER NAME, HEARING ONLY ECHOES, SEARCHING AND SHRIEKING SOME MORE ...UNTIL--
MARTINE...?
HE SEES HER, A WRAITH FLITTING PAST THE FOOT OF THE CELLAR STAIRS...
...AND HE PURSUES THE WRAITH... PURSUES MARTINE... HIS ONLY HOPE FOR SANITY AND SOLACE IN A WORLD GONE CRIMSON MAD WITH THE LUST FOR BLOOD...
MARTINE--WAIT!!
BUT SHE DOES NOT REPLY...
...DOES NOT TURN... AS SHE SLOWLY, SOMNOLENTLY WALKS DOWN THE CELLAR CORRIDOR ... TO A DOOR...
...A DOOR WHICH OPENS ONTO A BLINDING EFFULGENCE OF LIGHT...
...AND THEN CLOSES...
...BEHIND HER.
MARTINE--!!
FEVERISH AND DEMENTED, MORBIUS GRASPS THE RUST-CRUSTED HANDLE...
...AND WRENCHES THE DOOR OPEN.
BUT THIS TIME IT DOES NOT OPEN ONTO A BLINDING EFFULGENCE OF LIGHT.
NOR DOES IT OPEN ONTO A VISION OF MARTINE.
IT OPENS ONTO... A BLANK WALL.



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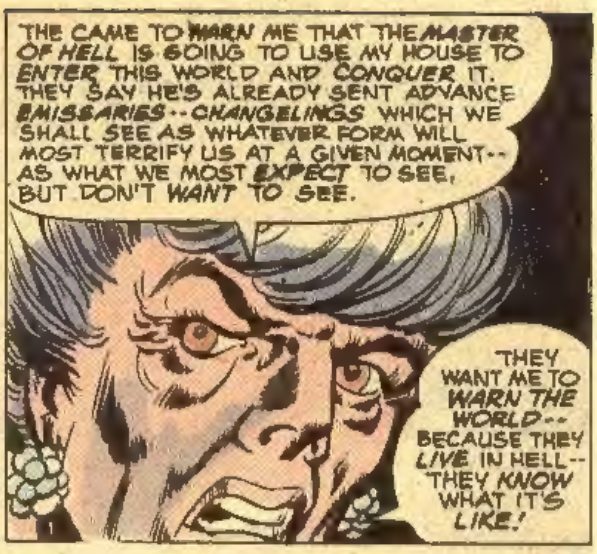
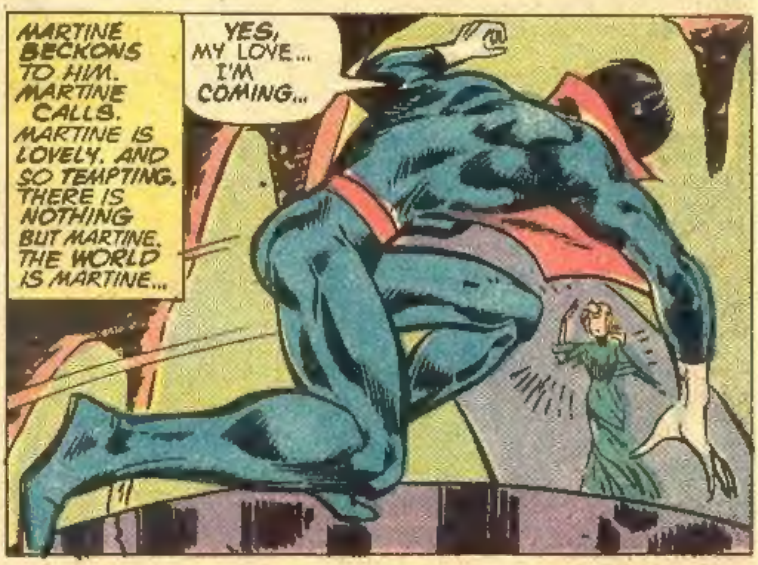
IRON MAN FACES THE MENACE OF THE MODOK MACHINE IN ISH #781

NOT UNTIL I MAKE SOME BEANS OUT'VE YOUR HOT AIR.
I'LL SHOOT ALL RIGHT-- I'LL SHOOT ONE THAT WILL MAKE YOUR SISSIFIED LONG HAIR STAND ON END, YOUNG MAN!
SHOOT.
MY HOUSE IS A GATEWAY TO THE DIMENSION CALLED HELL. THE HAUNTS TOLD ME SO--
--LITTLE BEASTIES WITH ONLY ONE EYE EACH!


THE CAME TO WARN ME THAT THE MASTER OF HELL IS GOING TO USE MY HOUSE TO ENTER THIS WORLD AND CONQUER IT. THEY SAY HE'S ALREADY SENT ADVANCE EMISSARIES--CHANGELINGS WHICH WE SHALL SEE AS WHATEVER FORM WILL MOST TERRIFY US AT A GIVEN MOMENT-- AS WHAT WE MOST EXPECT TO SEE, BUT DON'T WANT TO SEE.
THEY WANT ME TO WARN THE WORLD-- BECAUSE THEY LIVE IN HELL-- THEY KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE!

BUT...NO ONE WILL LISTEN...
THANKS, MRS. MASON. YOU MAY BE CRAZY, BUT YOUR DELIVERY'S GOT STYLE.


MARTINE BECKONS TO HIM. MARTINE CALLS. MARTINE IS LOVELY. AND SO TEMPTING, THERE IS NOTHING BUT MARTINE. THE WORLD IS MARTINE...
YES, MY LOVE... I'M COMING...

YES, MARTINE...

YES, MY--

NOOOO!!

A SPLASH THROUGH WET GLISTENING SHEEN..
PENETRATION...
AN ETERNITY INSIDE WARMTH, SOFT AND BUOYANT..
AND EMERGENCE.
MARTINE--?! THERE IS NO MARTINE HERE.
I'VE BEEN DECEIVED
...AND THE RETURN OF SANITY...
...WITHIN THE SPHERE OF MADNESS, CLOYING AND CLAMMY, WEIGHTLESS AND TRAPPED, STUDDED WITH EYES PROBING THE SOUL, STRIPPING IT BARE..
...LAYING WASTE TO ITS MEANING...
STUDDED EYES IN A SPHERE, STUDDED EYES STARING...

..STUDDED EYES SPITTING
SPEWING LITTLE BEASTIES WITH A SINGLE EYE EACH
THEY ATTACK
MICHAEL MORBIUS HAS NEVER MET LETICIA MASON
IF HE HAD, HE WOULD HAVE CALLED HER CRAZY AND LEFT
HELLEYES SENDS
TO KILL YOU
STUDDED EYES SENDING DEATH, POURING FROM PUPILS STUDDING A SPHERE ..

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MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Morbius-mongers,

It never fails—I'm always fascinated by god-themes in comics, and Daemond's saga was no different. "A Stillborn Genesis" (good title) in #26 snared my unwavering attention with Daemond's second balloon on the splash page, and held it right through the end. I've read elsewhere that you're going back up to 18 pages with this feature, and that's certainly a relief, since you certainly can't imagine we readers get off on reprints from ADVENTURE INTO MYSTERY, circa 1895. We don't.

However, the art—now that's something else again, and something not so impressive. Robbins' work is entirely too reminiscent of newspaper comic strips; ill-defined, charicaturistic, it has no place in a Marvel comic book. Please—no more!

In the words of a once-famous vampire, Keep on Suckin'!

Len Graham, Marvin, SD

In the letters column of #27, we mentioned that Frank Robbins' advent on the Morbius strip has been "greeted with universal cheer"; however, in the interim 'twixt that issue and this, the usual balance of Marvel's opinioneers has prevailed. So this time, it's Frank's turn to take some knocks. But Doug is not entirely spared the withering scrutiny of the critical eye, as witness the next letter—

Dear Marvel:

I am of the opinion that your Morbius strip has deteriorated greatly. In this letter I will try to point out how this strip has gotten worse and how it can get better.

The Art: From the very beginning it seems that Morbius has been a strip where you would introduce new artists. (excluding the great Gil Kane, who is not any amateur) Paul Gulacy started off Morbius in a very nice manner and I bought the book only because I thought Jim Steranko had come back. The next new artist was L. Dominquez. He handed in a fantastic job and I hope you can get him to replace Frank Robbins. The same holds true with Craig Russell; however, do not take him off Killraven, where he is doing a better job than Neal Adams was doing. Now, finally, we come to Frank Robbins. His artwork just does not suit Morbius and he should be replaced as soon as possible. Oh, and before I forget, try to keep Morbius' flesh dead on the cover.

The Writing: All I have to talk about here are the characterizations and a few facets of the plot. First on the agenda is Daemond. Where are all his demons and incantations? As soon as Doug took over, they were replaced by a bunch of people hiding behind cheap masks and a lot of bolts of bedazzlement.

Second, the Caretakers. I thought they were noble beings truly believing in their cause, but Doug made them power-mad individuals.

And lastly, the ending. What started out as a power struggle between Daemond and the Caretakers culminated in a little girl saving the world. The ending seemed rushed, as if Doug wanted to go on to new things. I hope he can work better using his own characters and situations. If I may suggest something: Let him explore the more scientific parts of the strip. The horror is well taken care of in VAMPIRE TALES.

Edmund Pribitkin Jr.
Lancaster, Pa. 17603

Now that you've had time to see some of Doug's stories using his own characters and situations (including Simon Stroud, whom Doug first introduced in the MAN-WOLF strip), let us know what you think and if your opinions have changed.

You see, Ed, it's often hard enough for a new writer or artist on a strip to win the readers over with a single issue, especially when the previous writer or artist was doing a bang-up job (as Steve Gerber was on Morbius): but it's even *harder* when—for instance—a writer has to script the concluding episode in a story concocted by the departing author, as Doug did with the Caretakers saga.

Therefore, we think the Devil-May-Care lad did wonders, and now that he's on his own—watch out! As we're sure you will, Ed.

Dear Len, Doug, Frank and the other Frank:

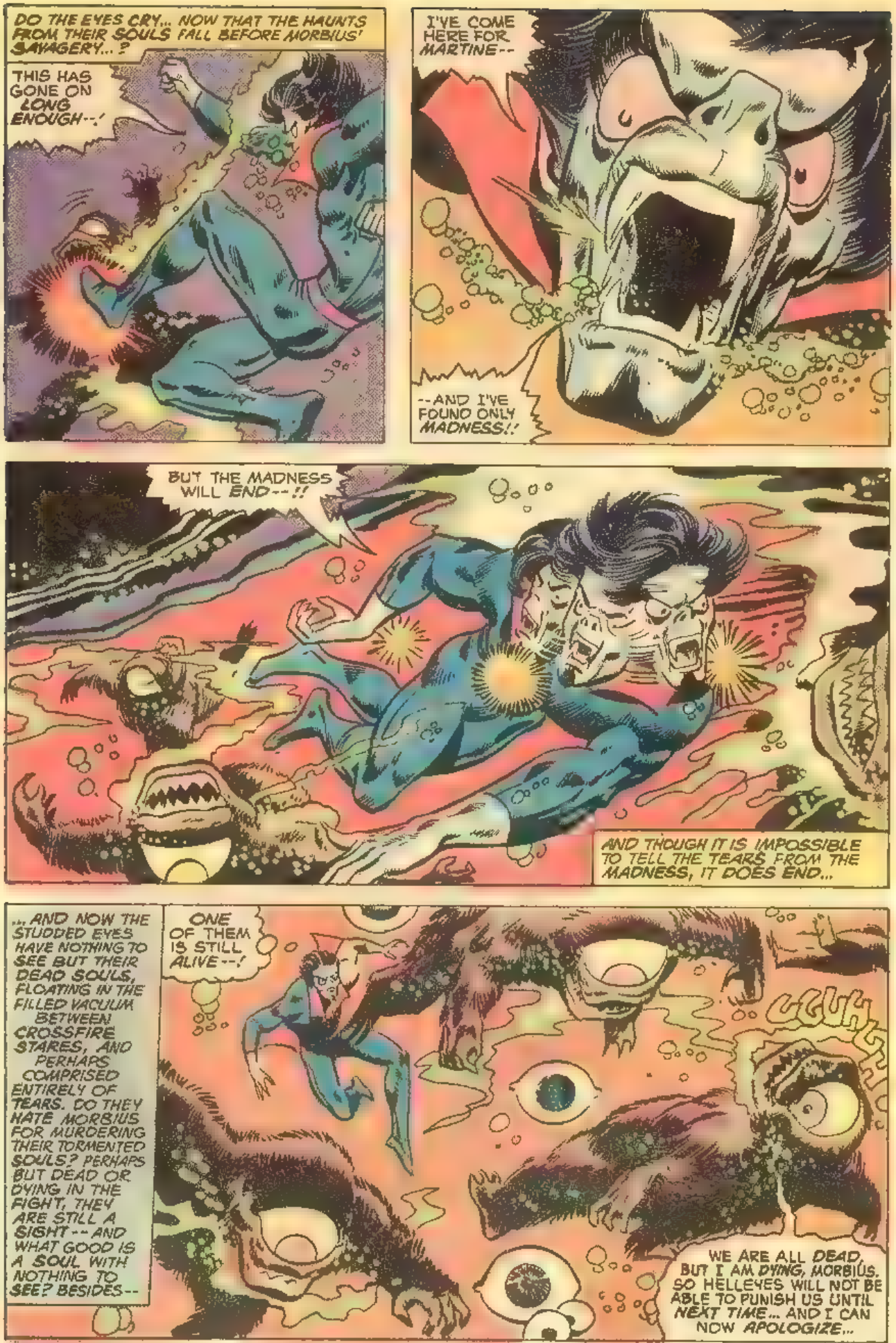
Maybe I'm overreacting, but the Gerber Moench transition has been abominable. Steve had a concept of Morbius' character, and a definite SF slant; Doug just moves everything too fast for anything to hang together. The role of Tara was never even hinted at, nor can it be substantiated in past episodes. This is SF, not horror, Doug, and some logic must prevail.

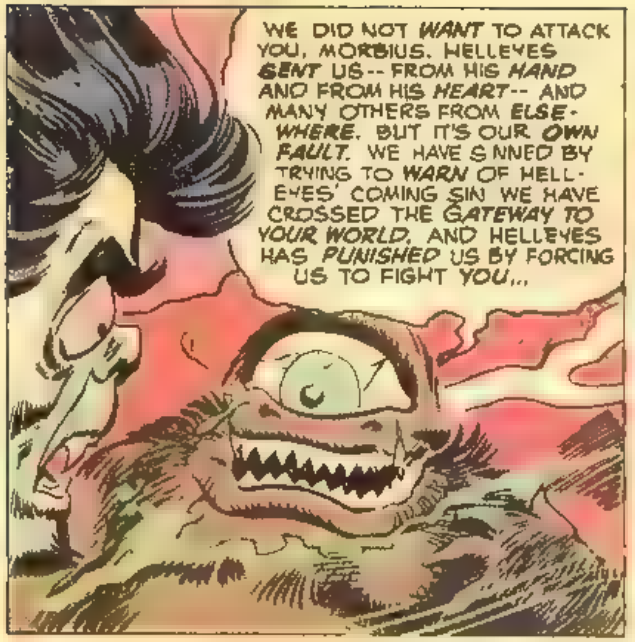
I won't comment on the art, on the assumption that Frank Robbins is moving on to things more appropriate (loved his Capt); I'm waiting to see if Doug has any direction in mind for the strip. I hope so...

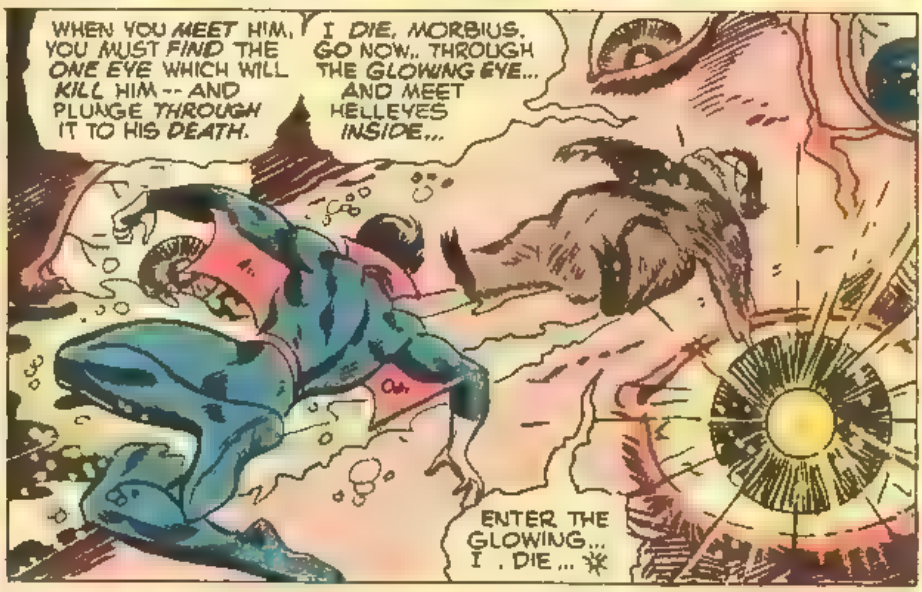
Roger Klorese
2739 E. 65th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11234

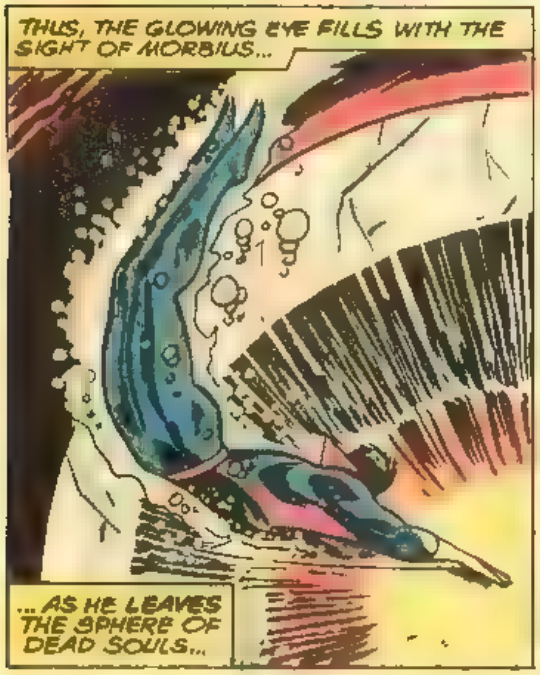
Aw c'mon, Roger, cut us some slack—by now you've read the answer to the previous letter, and have had the opportunity to read a couple more issues of Doug's Morbius. In other words, you've had a chance to see the direction in which Monsieur Moench is taking the series; and now that you have, please share your thoughts with us.

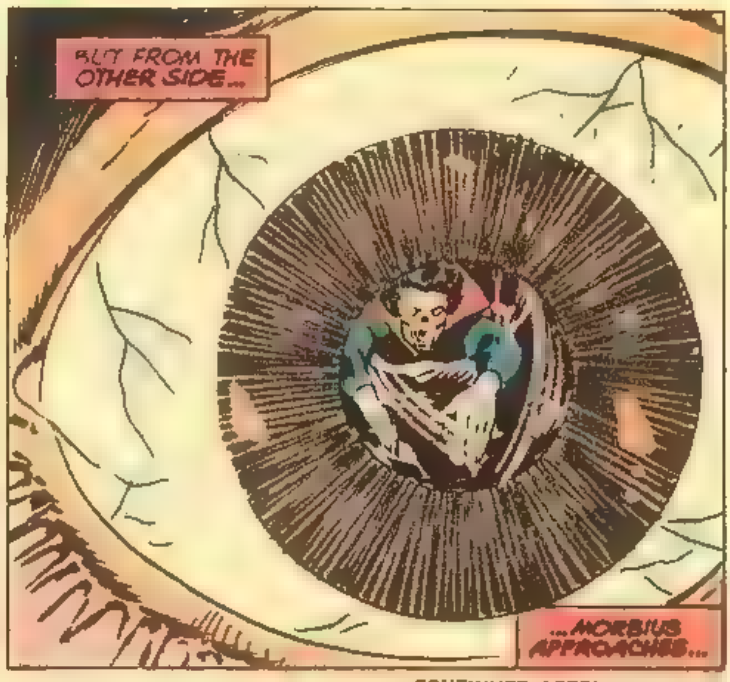
That goes for the rest of you out there, too. We'll be waitin', right here, next ish!


DO THE EYES CRY... NOW THAT THE HAUNTS FROM THEIR SOULS FALL BEFORE MORBIUS' SAVAGERY...?
THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH--!
I'VE COME HERE FOR MARTINE--
--AND I'VE FOUND ONLY MADNESS!!
BUT THE MADNESS WILL END--!!
AND THOUGH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL THE TEARS FROM THE MADNESS, IT DOES END...
...AND NOW THE STUDDED EYES HAVE NOTHING TO SEE BUT THEIR DEAD SOULS, FLOATING IN THE FILLED VACUUM BETWEEN CROSSFIRE STARES, AND PERHAPS COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF TEARS. DO THEY HATE MORBIUS FOR MURDERING THEIR TORMENTED SOULS? PERHAPS BUT DEAD OR DYING IN THE FIGHT, THEY ARE STILL A SIGHT -- AND WHAT GOOD IS A SOUL WITH NOTHING TO SEE? BESIDES--
ONE OF THEM IS STILL ALIVE--!
GGUH
WE ARE ALL DEAD, BUT I AM DYING, MORBIUS. SO HELLEYES WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PUNISH US UNTIL NEXT TIME... AND I CAN NOW APOLOGIZE...









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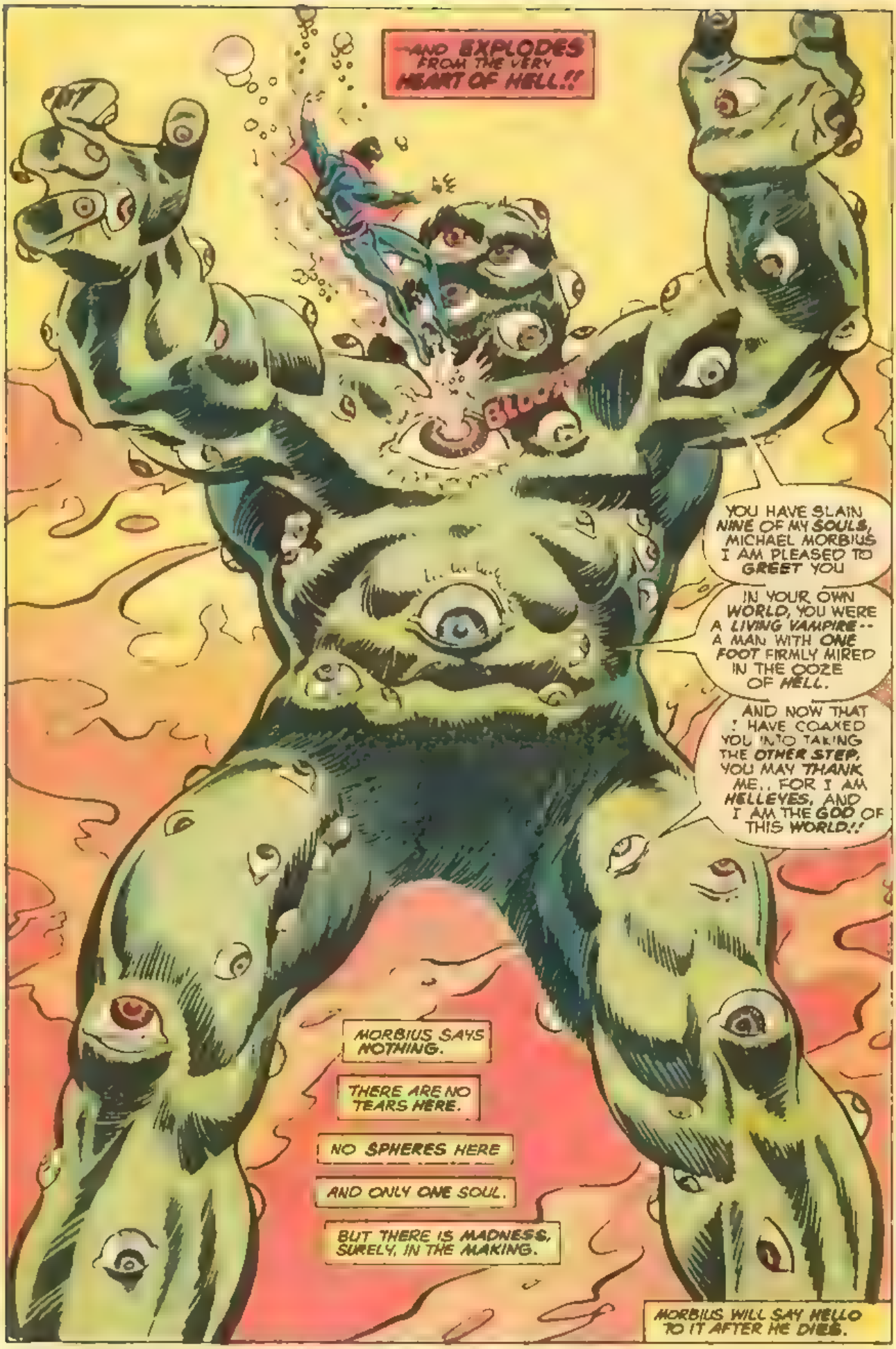
...AND EXPLODES FROM THE VERY HEART OF HELL!!
BLOOD
YOU HAVE SLAIN NINE OF MY SOULS, MICHAEL MORBIUS I AM PLEASED TO GREET YOU
IN YOUR OWN WORLD, YOU WERE A LIVING VAMPIRE -- A MAN WITH ONE FOOT FIRMLY MIRED IN THE OOZE OF HELL.
AND NOW THAT I HAVE COAXED YOU INTO TAKING THE OTHER STEP, YOU MAY THANK ME.. FOR I AM HELLEYES, AND I AM THE GOD OF THIS WORLD!!
MORBIUS SAYS NOTHING.
THERE ARE NO TEARS HERE.
NO SPHERES HERE
AND ONLY ONE SOUL.
BUT THERE IS MADNESS, SURELY, IN THE MAKING.
MORBIUS WILL SAY HELLO TO IT AFTER HE DIES.

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A CACOPHONOUS COLLECTION OF CAPTIVATING CAPSULE COMMENTS CALCULATED TO CORRAL YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

This is it! The recognition we've all been waiting for! You've read movie reviews, book reviews, record reviews, right? Well, now at last, the nation's top literary critics have begun reviewing comics— or, at least, a book about Marvel Comics! I know you're as anxious to read their verdict as I was, so without any further ado, here's the first batch of notices for the ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS--

Ray Bradbury, in the LOS ANGELES TIMES: "Stan Lee's new volume is the very stuff for you. It is, as he puts it, 'a pictorial tonic to relieve the awesome affliction that threatens us all': the endlessly spreading virus of too much reality in a world that is losing its heroes.' Stan's book is to me a better light bulb. Frivolous? Perhaps. Frightening? Sometimes. With hidden meanings. Stan Lee's comics are better than Lichtenstein can ever hope to be." THE DAILY ENTERPRISE-SUN: "Comicbook heroes are making a comeback. Nowhere is that comeback put together so attractively as in this winner by Stan Lee. It's the best of the comic collections." SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER: "The name Stan Lee is known to millions of comic-book fans all over the world. Marvel Comics sell in dozens of countries at a rate of 75 million a year." PLAYBOY: "Very much fun. People have written graduate papers on just such themes, and for them— and all other true believers— we're heading for the newsstand." CUE: "These are fairy tales for older people. They are fun, like Vonnegut and Tolkien. The last place where you can recapture the fantasy— the wonder—" BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS: "A snappy new book. One of the good things about Lee's ORIGINS is that for each hero discussed he reproduces the subject's first adventure story along with a more recent episode." WOMAN'S WEAR DAILY: "Lee— might almost be a movie director using the storyboard approach." FAMILY WEEKLY "Stan Lee is in 'big time' publishing." THE PITT NEWS: "This work— is integral to the development of each of the fictional characters created by Marvel. It is a geneology, a bible. The greatest criticism of the book is that it is not enough." BERGEN COUNTY RECORD "ORIGINS holds one's interest— Lee's writing is as colorful as the book's reprints of historic back issues. What also holds the reader is its recounting of the feeling that went into the creation of the superheroes." THE RUTGERS DAILY TARGUM: "The one you've been waiting for. The one book you can't afford to miss." PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN: "Stan Lee, guiding genius of "Marvelmania" in comic books, has included some gloriously marvelmaniacal comics in this sampler. Even adults, especially gallery-goers, should enjoy the artistry of Marvel Comics books; far and away the leaders in their field." CHICAGO NEWS: "True believers, step right up!"

And that's only a sample of the hundreds that are pouring in! Who says comics aren't an idea whose time has come? Who says your blushin' Bullpen hasn't achieved the year's most stupendous literary breakthrough? Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of Comics? And before some wiseguy shouts "I says!", I'm cuttin' out— it's time to take a troll to tea!

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! What's that, Tigers? You say you've been silently scanning those lilting letters pages you've become so avariciously addicted to while reading our titanic titles in these many Marvelous years, and you've yet to find the startling new MARVEL VALUE STAMPS we've been promising to toss at ya for the past few months? Well, don't fret, Fearless Ones, your eagle eyes aren't failing you—it's just that the ever-unpredictable inmates of your batty Marvel Bullpen have decided to go all out as usual in their quest to provide the most royally rapturous recreation possible for True Believers everywhere. When the now-legendary SECOND SERIES of MVStamps finally assaults your wide-open orbs in just a few short weeks, they will stun you, they will shock you, they will leave you utterly speechless—for in all your years as madcap Marvelites, you will never in your memory have seen the like of what we have in store for you! And remember, even though the concept is so daringly different, you'll still be able to treat yourself to the same glamorous goodies and more when all one hundred startling stamps are at last in your pulse-pounding possession! Truth to tell, we wouldn't do all this if we didn't love ya!

ITEM! Everyone here has heard the name DAMON RUNYON. He's the scintillating author whose singular view of the screwy city called New York has delighted the hearts of millions everywhere, and birthed such world-renowned productions as "Guys and Dolls" and "Pocketful of Miracles." A genius, right? So who'd ever have thought that TONY (The Tiger) ISABELLA, bare-faced youth from Cleveland, would someday move to Fun City and directly into the penthouse apartment once owned by the illustrious Mr. Runyon himself. We won't say that this startling fact has had any sort of adverse effect on the Tigerish One, but we've noticed a disturbing tendency for names like "Sky Masterson" and "Apple Annie" to pop up in Tony's scripts of late. A subtle influence—or perhaps more? (Wow, what a strange idea—the GHOST RIDER scripted by a ghost writer!)

ITEM! Hey, hope you're one of the lucky ones who's been latching onto the minor masterpieces Judo JIM STARLIN has been turning out every sixty days on the all-new, all-improved WARLOCK strip. As far as we can tell, STRANGE TALES fanatics everywhere are flipping their collective corks over the spectacular Mr. Starlin's dynamic drawings (not to mention his sizzling scripting and capricious coloring). In fact, the only discouraging words we've heard at all thus far have come from a gregarious grey gargoyle called The Golem—and we suspect that he might be just a wee bit prejudiced! Also, let's not forget Dynamic DAVE COCKRUM, whose fan dream of a lifetime came true when he was chosen to illustrate the equally-all-new, equally-all-improved adventures of the X-cruciatingly X-citing X-MEN, who are currently cavorting in their brand-new GIANT-SIZE mag! Who says this ain't the Marvel Age of Sensational Second Chances?

ITEM! And just so you don't think we're sitting on our slightly-wilted laurels, we're gonna let you in on a few searing **secrets!** Listen closely now... we're gonna whisper 'cause we don't want the competition to hear the names of our newest stars! They'll be popping up in their own spanking-new features in the next few months—and we want you to be prepared for 'em! So look out for BLOODSTONE—he stalks the shadowed lands WHERE MONSTERS DWELL! And the sinister SCARECROW will be waiting for you in the DEAD OF NIGHT! The mind-boggling MODRED THE MYSTIC will be battling arcane forces in the back of GIANT-SIZE WEREWOLF! And lastly, prepare yourself for the coming of SKULL THE SLAYER, a character with a story-line so powerful, we haven't decided where we're gonna present it just yet. Hang in there, Pilgrim—the best is yet to come. (And if you have a few paltry sheckles left over, you might want to pick up the first pulse-pounding issue of a little item called GIANT-SIZE INVADERS! It features the all-new adventures of CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY, the savage SUB-MARINER, and the Original HUMAN TORCH and TORO, fighting for freedom in the torrid early days of World War Two! It's a concept so off-beat, you're just gonna have to love it!) And on that note, we return you to your regularly-scheduled Marvel mag...

AND NOW, MICHAEL MORBIUS...
...NOW THAT YOU HAVE EMERGED FROM MY HEART TO ENTER HELL...
...IT IS TIME YOU DIED...
...SO THAT YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME ON MY CONQUEST OF YOUR FORMER WORLD.
THEN, AS HELLEYES' HANDS CONVERGE ON MORBIUS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING...
...TIME FREEZES, AND IN THE ETERNITY BEFORE HE IS CRUSHED--
THE SOUL SAID ONLY ONE EYE WOULD KILL HIM--! BUT WHICH ONE?!
A THOUSAND WRONG CHOICES-- AND ONLY ONE RIGHT--!
BUT I'LL BE CRUSHED IF I DON'T CHOOSE...
SO I MUST PLUNGE INTO THIS EYE IN HIS--

WHAP!
"...PALM."

GONE...
THEN THE SOULS HAVE APPRISED YOU OF MY WEAKNESS, MORBIUS... AS I KNEW THE QUISLINGS WOULD.

BUT AS YOU KNOW BY NOW, DEEP DOWN INSIDE THE DARK WETNESS... THE SECRET WILL DO YOU LITTLE GOOD.
YOU HAVE, OF COURSE, CHOSEN THE WRONG EYE.
AND IT IS AN EYE LEADING INTO ONLY ONE OF A THOUSAND HELLS...

...EACH HELL FILLED WITH A THOUSAND EYES.
SO JOURNEY ONWARD THROUGH YOUR CHOSEN HELL, MICHAEL MORBIUS. I WILL MEET YOU THERE... AT THE APPOINTED PLACE... AND, OF COURSE, YOU WILL DIE.

NEXT ISSUE: FIRST HELL AND LAST!